

A HIGHWAYMAN AT THIRTEEN YEARS.

**Ernest Rossier Stole a Watch
from Jeweler Bolizer
and Ran Away.**

**Finding That He Was Too Hotly
Pressed He Fired at His
Aged Pursuer.**

**His Revolver Was So Big That It
Took Both of the Little Fellow's
Hands to Fire It.**

AIMED AT THE POLICEMAN, TOO.

**But His Weapon Missed Fire That Time,
and He Was Speedily Made a Pris-
oner—The Jeweler's Wound
Only a Scratch.**

Ernest Rossier is four feet high and only thirteen years old, but he was safely lodged in a cell in the Vernon Avenue Station, Brooklyn, last night after stealing a watch and using a revolver with such effect that he nearly escaped.

It was nearly 10 o'clock when Adolph Bolizer, an aged jeweler, began to close up his store, at No. 1241 Myrtle avenue, for the night. The Rossier boy entered the store, and, puffing cigarette smoke into the old man's face, said: "I want to buy a tucker, old Smoogins; trot 'em out an' let's have a look."

THOUGHT IT WAS A BILL.

The boy fumbled a crisp piece of green paper that looked like a bank note, and the jeweler showed him a dozen silver and nickel watches. After much careful comparison the youngster picked out a hunting case one in silver. Bolizer wanted \$1.50 for it, but the boy said that he only had "a tenner," and tried to beat the old man down. Finally the jeweller agreed to his figure.

Suddenly Rossier threw upon the counter the supposed \$10 bill which was really an imitation used in advertising an East Side clothing house, of this city, and seizing the watch ran out of the store, slamming the door behind him. Old Bolizer swung his hands, and the watch was flying in all directions and then rushed out in hot pursuit, yelling, "Stop thief!" at the top of his voice.

The youngster with his short legs and the long-legged old man tearing after him was such a ludicrous sight that no one joined the chase. At Suydam street and Myrtle avenue Bolizer caught up to the fleeing boy, who ran into a hallway and pulled from his pocket a big revolver, which he held in both of his small, grimy hands. Then he fired pointblank at the jeweller's venerable head.

BOLIZER FELL IN A HEAP.
With a shriek of terror, Bolizer fell in a heap upon the sidewalk, and the little highwayman sprang over his prostrate form and sped away as fast as his very short legs could carry him.

When the boy was well night out of sight the old jeweler discovered that the blood had stopped flowing from the wound in his head, which was only a scratch, where the bullet had grazed it. Then he got up and followed.

Meantime the child, with the smoking revolver in one hand and the stolen watch in the other, ran almost into the arms of Policemen O'Connor and Fagan, of the Thirtieth Precinct, who completely blocked his way at Broadway and Hart street. With a hoarse yell, the boy threw the watch in the face of Officer Fagan with such force that it cut the policeman's chin, and then, taking the pistol again in both of his hands, he fired directly at the heart of Officer O'Connor. The pistol missed fire, and Fagan grabbed the kicking boy in one hand and secured the revolver with the other.

Damn you, shrieked the little prisoner, "if these cartridges don't blow your head off both full of holes." Bolizer then came running up and told the story of the attack, and in a few minutes the boy and with almost miraculous strength, was carried to the station house and locked up. He would not say a word, but he was more than his name, and that he lives at Knickerbocker and Myrtle avenues. He will be arraigned this morning on a charge of robbery and attempted assault.

PROOF IN BLOOD SPOTS.

**Boston Police Now Convinced That Ida
Quinlan Was the Murderer of Her
Sister Sophia.**

Boston, Feb. 5.—What medical men call a scientific fact will now prove, the police say, that Ida Quinlan killed her sister Sophia Grant at No. 33 Brighton street last Saturday night. This was confirmed by the report of Professor Wood, of Harvard College, who has examined the stained dress which is said to have been worn by her arrest, and which was received by the police this afternoon.

"We are not at all that we have a perfect case against the Quinlan woman," said a police official who has been conducting an inquiry from the fact that a certain fellow has developed which has settled the question in our minds. We were practically convinced when we first arrested the woman that we had the right party. Now we are perfectly sure. The case could go to the jury tomorrow for all we care. We have the absolute proof."

This official refused to state the exact circumstances that led to his certainty. It was learned, however, that the report of Professor Wood was responsible for it. There has been no question in the minds of those who saw Ida Quinlan's skirt that the stains upon it were blood. Professor Wood's testimony on this point came only as a matter of expert evidence.

It was freely admitted by the police to-day that Professor Wood had formally pronounced the spots upon the skirt to be blood; and a careful examination of the blood spots has proved conclusively that they are what is known as "stained blood spots;" that is, that they came directly from the wounds of the victim, spurring from the dress of the suspected woman. This could not have occurred had not Mrs. Quinlan been at the side of Mrs. Grant while the murdered woman was yet alive.

Medical Examiner Harris fixes the time of Mrs. Grant's death at about 9:30 o'clock. It was after 11 when Ida Quinlan claimed that she came in with her boy, John, and found Sophia dead upon the floor. Had she not found the blood on her skirt then it would not have been so difficult to find. The fact, supported by medical science, is the strongest evidence the police have found against Ida. They really need no confession.

Maggie Brennan, a young woman employed at Cawley's liquor store, at No. 355 Main street, made a voluntary visit to Police Headquarters this morning. She said that she was the betrothed of Daniel McLeod, a brother of the murdered Sophia Grant, and of Mrs. Quinlan, the suspected murderer. It was she who told of the visits of Ida to the liquor store on the night of the murder. It was there that Ida drank three glasses of port wine and it was there she left her purchases about 8:30 o'clock. Maggie's story was regarded by the police as most important, in that it fixed the fact that Ida had been drinking considerably.

HARLEM FLATS AFLAME.

**Occupants of the Sorrento and Amalfi
Rushed into the Street for
Their Lives.**

Smoke pouring from the cellar transoms beneath the store windows of the Harlem Chair Company, at No. 24 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, attracted the attention of Policeman William A. Badley, of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street Station, last evening, at about 7 o'clock. The Sorrento flats are in the same building, and the blaze which broke out there might be imperilled. After turning in an alarm he hurried back and began ringing the flat bells and blowing up the speaking tubes to warn the tenants. The occupants of the Amalfi flats next door were also warned.

In a jiffy the tenants began to rush wildly into the street. Then the policemen went to the apartments of the janitor, Arthur Berg, in the rear of the cellar. The rooms were like an oven and filling with smoke, but Berg was asleep, blissfully oblivious of danger. When awakened he became greatly excited and had to be led to the street by the officer. The fireman had begun to arrive just as the policeman groped his way into the street with Berg. Mrs. Berg, the wife of the janitor, who had also been helped into the street, returned without the knowledge of the firemen, to her apartments on her hands and knees, to secure a pocketbook which she had forgotten. She had crawled under the bed to get it, from its hiding place beneath the mattress, when she fell unconscious. A fireman found her, and as she was carrying her head was cut by a piece of falling glass. She was revived.

Most of the occupants had by this time made their escape. Chief Short sent in a second and a third alarm in rapid succession. Chief Duane responded with some of the engines who answered these alarms. As he and a fireman, who accompanied him in his buggy, were dashing around the corner at One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street and Madison, soon revived and the wheels of the vehicle came off, and both men were thrown into the street. They continued to crawl on their hands and knees.

A hose had to be taken into the cellar of No. 22, which was full of smoke, and Firemen Wagner, Boese and Martin volunteered to do the work. Two of them went down into the cellar, stay there for three minutes, and then come out into the air. Two others would then descend to the same place, and so on. This continued until the cellar became too hot to permit going in at all.

While this was going on other firemen made a tour of the building to see that the Thomas family on the third floor of No. 22 had become too excited to take care of themselves. O'Neill assisted Thomas, the latter's wife and three children, and through the scuffle and helped them out that way. When the Thomases left their room there remained within a dog and a cat. Both were unconscious when the firemen found them. He tucked them under his arm and carried them into the street. Besides those firemen already mentioned were Fireman McSherry, of Truck No. 14; Dennis Ryer, of Engine Company No. 28; Fireman Walter, of Engine Company No. 35. All the men were attended by Dr. Kingman B. Page, of No. 70 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

After working for more than three hours the firemen managed to extinguish the flames. The damage done by fire, smoke and water is estimated at \$100,000.

BYRNES AND MYERS HELD.

**Coroner's Jury Finds the Evidence Sufficient to Connect Them with the
Murder of Mrs. Tucker.**

The inquest in the Mrs. Tucker murder case was held yesterday afternoon in the court room in Yorkers, N. Y., before Coroner Miles and a jury. The most important testimony was that of James T. Lillis, one of the men suspected of the crime, who was arrested with Michael Byrnes and Charles F. Myers.

Lillis said that he, Myers and Byrnes were out cutting canes between Tuckahoe and Scarsdale, on Monday, November 11, at 11 o'clock they separated, Lillis going north and Byrnes and Myers south. Lillis did not see the other two till they met again at 4 o'clock near the place where they began work and where they had left their horse and wagon. After a time all three drove away, and stopped at the place reached Williamsbridge, where Byrnes got out and went into a saloon. The others went home.

He continued: "While in the police station I received a note from Byrnes stating that Captain Maugham had told him (Byrnes) to turn State's evidence. I sent back a note saying that he knew if any crime had been committed by him I had no knowledge of it, and told Byrnes to look out for himself. The prisoner who conveyed the notes burned them."

The testimony of Myers and Byrnes was essentially the same. The latter became greatly confused when questioned about the amount of money he had the night before he was arrested. Myers contradicted his former statements when questioned as to where he and Byrnes had been during the afternoon that the murder was committed.

The jury returned a verdict that Mrs. Tucker was choked to death by a person or persons unknown, but declared that the evidence was sufficient to hold Myers and Byrnes for the Grand Jury. Coroner Miles held Lillis in \$5,000 bail as a witness, which was furnished.

Report of the Central Crossstown.

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 5.—The report of the Central Crossstown Railroad, of New York City, for the quarter ended December 31 last, shows that the total revenue for the quarter was \$1,147,878; operating expenses, \$102,070; other income, \$1,103; total, \$1,147,878. The net income for the quarter was \$20,223. The cash on hand, \$39,344; profit and loss surplus, \$27,684. The net income for the corresponding quarter of 1894 was \$20,207.

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DISCARDED SUITOR THE LANG MYSTERY.

**Butler, Who Was a Member
of Lang's West Point
Class, Suspected.**

**As a Cadet He Was Engaged to
Mrs. Lang Before She Met
the Lieutenant.**

**Miss Sloan's Extraordinary Interview
with a Military Man and His
Violent Conduct.**

SEQUEL TO A ROMANCE OF CADETS.

**Both of Them Loved the Daughter of
a Commissary Sergeant, and Lang
Won Her and Married Her on
His Graduation Day.**

Lieutenant Clarence E. Lang, United States Army, posted a notice in Glenham, a suburb of Flushing, New York. Since January 13 the family has been subjected to many indignities and annoyances, and Mrs. Lang and Miss Sloan, a companion, have received threatening letters. Men have been seen about the place, peering in the windows and along the house. Miss Sloan, who is a determined young woman, on Monday night, ran out of her house in pursuit of a man whom she saw looking at her through the window, and fired several shots from a revolver at him. The police of Flushing have been unable to apprehend the author or authors of these outrages.

Mrs. Lang, who accompanied her husband at Fort Warren, South Boston, last week, leaving Miss Sloan, a young woman, William Steinberg, and, at night, Steinberg's age father, to guard the house.

A light seems to break in on the Lang mystery, revealing a romance of West Point. From the statements of Elizabeth Sloan and certain circumstantial evidence it would appear that the person who has been subjecting Lieutenant Lang and his household to such unusual annoyances for the past three weeks is none other than a discarded suitor of the Lieutenant's charming wife, the commissary's daughter.

The Lang mystery, as it is now known, has caused unusual excitement in the vicinity of Flushing. All the amateur detectives in Dutchess County have been trying for days to probe the matter to the bottom. The local constable has called to his aid false whiskers and gum shoes, and the local Justice of the Peace has stalked about the countryside looking darkly mysterious and saturnine. But in spite of all this the mystery refused to be probed until yesterday, when the Journal made a few discoveries which may clear away all elements of a puzzling nature.

To properly understand the present condition of affairs in Glenham it will be necessary to go back two years to the day when Cadet Clarence E. Lang met the commissary sergeant's daughter, Mamie Kunkel, and follow the course of events to yesterday afternoon, when Elizabeth Sloan barred the entrance of a handsome stranger to the Lang home by exhibiting to him the muzzle of a loaded revolver.

LANG'S FRIEND BUTLER.
To begin with, Clarence E. Lang is a short man, with a determined face and bowed legs, and he was appointed from one of the Western States a cadet to the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1890. Among his classmates was a young Texan named Butler, and the Westerner and Butler became warm friends. Their intimacy was the intimacy of college chums—continued until one day in November, 1893, when Butler took Lang to call upon his fiancée, the commissary's daughter. Then the trouble began, and it does not appear to have ended now, that more than two years have passed. The commissary sergeant at West Point is a stout little Dutchman named Kunkel, who, at that time, lived with his wife and eighteen-year-old daughter, Mamie, in a cottage at Highland Falls, a mile below the Academy. Miss Kunkel was by all odds the prettiest girl at the post. Many of the officers at the Point were proud of the beauty of their daughters, but the little Dutch non-commissioned officer was the proudest of all the fathers in the garrison. And he had the right to be, for although Mamie Kunkel was only a slip of a girl, she had big blue eyes, a rosy complexion, the grace of a gazelle and dark brown hair.

Naturally, the young boys in gray found it convenient to pass the sergeant's quarters frequently, and they generally saw Mamie and her bosom friend, Kitty Seagel, either at the window or seated on the porch. Many of the cadets longed to stop and talk, but the etiquette of the Point forbade them becoming too friendly with the daughter of a commissary sergeant, so they passed on, regretfully—all save the young Texan. He threw etiquette to the winds, and, braving the censure of his fellow-cadets, made love to the beauty of the post.

THE INTRODUCTION.
Butler was bold, yet secretive in his love affairs, and possibly when he introduced his chum to Mamie Kunkel on that November day of '93, Lang did not know that the sapphire ring which sparkled from the third finger of Mamie's left hand was an emblem of betrothal, and that the donor of the emblem was his classmate from Texas. Whether he knew or not, he fell in love, and, loving, he cared little for the traditions and social laws of even stern old West Point.

In January the commissary's daughter went to her fiancée and asked to be released from her engagement. Presumably there was a scene. It is certain that in two days

door was a meal sack laden with silverware and jewelry worth \$7000. Young Carey said yesterday that he was now convinced that the crouching figure he saw was that of a dummy, because he is confident the cap on the supposed burglar's head was the property of Lieutenant Lang. He concluded by saying that both Mrs. Lang and Miss Sloan are practical jokers, and Miss Sloan denied that she had any part in the affair.

Three days later Lieutenant Lang came on from Fort Warren in response to a telegram from his wife, who had misad a number of small articles. The lieutenant

accused Carey of the theft, and Carey finally produced the articles, but denied that he had stolen them. He was discharged, and then arrested, charged with petty larceny, but Justice of the Peace G. B. Scofield suspended judgment.

Immediately thereafter the Lang household had begun to be subjected to the most extraordinary annoyances and alarms. William Steinberg, aged sixteen, was hired in Carey's place, and his aged father engaged to sleep in the house at night, after the Rev. Mr. Strong had done so for one night. At about 1 o'clock on the evening of January 1 the two young women saw a tall man, wearing a tattered overcoat, and whose face was clean shaven, standing near the house. Miss Sloan called to him, "D—n you both!" replied the man, slouching away.

Every night thereafter some annoyance has been inflicted upon Mrs. Lang and her companions in the isolated old homestead in Glenham. Boyish faces, the faces of bearded men, and frequently the indistinct outlines of a handsome, smooth-shaven countenance, have been seen, flitting against the window panes. Not only this, but notes have been found in the morning pushed under the doors in the front and the rear of the house. These notes have always been of a threatening character, especially directed against Lieutenant and Mrs. Lang and Miss Sloan.

MISS SLOAN THREATENED, TOO.
In one of these letters, three of which were printed and two written in boyish chirography, the writer referred to a certain Episcopal clergyman, of Brooklyn, who is generally regarded as a suitor for the steady hand of Miss Sloan. The writer said Miss Sloan would do well to leave the Langs if she ever expected to become the bride of the clergyman. Miss Sloan acknowledged yesterday amid blushes that the clergyman certainly had been somewhat attentive, and that Mrs. Lang had teased her about it in the presence of Carey.

Last Monday night Miss Sloan saw the tall, beardless man peeping into the sitting room window, and grasping the 32-calibre revolver which she always carries now, days, she fired at the face, but without effect. On the Thursday evening previous—the very day that Mrs. Lang, utterly prostrated, had left Glenham to join her husband at the fort—Miss Sloan had pursued the tall stranger into the barnyard and had fired several shots at him, and that same evening she had been awakened by her troubled sleep by the sound of a fusillade of stones against the wooden sides of the house.

But the stranger part of the story was told yesterday by Miss Sloan with much reluctance. These are her very words: "On Saturday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock I was seated in the dining-room, when suddenly I saw a cutter, driven by a fashionably dressed man, drive into the yard and halt at the kitchen door. In response to a summons I went to the door, and saw before me a man about five feet ten inches in height, smooth face, prominent chin, dark eyes and hair, and remarkably white teeth. He wore a black derby, a dark brown overcoat and driving gloves. The gloves he did not remove. Turning down his coat collar I saw in his cravat a pin such as Lieutenant Lang often wears, and which Mrs. Lang has told me was a West Point pin, class of '94. The man, as he spoke to me, was very much excited.

"Is Lang home?" he asked angrily.

"No," I replied.

"The stranger's threats."

"D—n lucky for him. I'd better get out of here, too. I'll have you all arrested and you'll all get a good, long term. I'm in earnest," and he stamped heavily on the steps.

"Indignant and somewhat frightened," continued Miss Sloan, "I slammed the door in the man's face, and shortly afterward I saw him drive away."

"At 3:30 o'clock this afternoon," resumed Miss Sloan, with some excitement, "I was again sitting in the dining room, when I saw the same cutter, drawn by the same bay mare and driven by the same man, enter the yard. I was angry, and, grasping my revolver, I went to the back door, prepared to resist intrusion on any pretext. The man, who was dressed the same as on Saturday, alighted from the cutter as before. I held the pistol in my right hand, plainly within the vision of my caller. He was very different and courteous. Removing his hat and bowing, he said: 'Little woman, I have come to apologize for my language and actions of last Saturday. I was intoxicated at the time, or I would never have spoken to you as I did. Pray, forgive me.'

"I looked him steadily in the face, for I wanted to remember that countenance. The most noticeable feature is his teeth, which are peculiarly white and even. I also noticed, as he stood uncovered, that his hair was thick and dark and parted in the mid-

affairs, and possibly when he introduced his chum to Mamie Kunkel on that November day of '93, Lang did not know that the sapphire ring which sparkled from the third finger of Mamie's left hand was an emblem of betrothal, and that the donor of the emblem was his classmate from Texas. Whether he knew or not, he fell in love, and, loving, he cared little for the traditions and social laws of even stern old West Point.

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BUTLER MARRIES MISS SEAGEL.
One day in the following April the entire post, from the captain down to the youngest troop horse, was amazed to learn that Butler had quietly married Kitty. Such an event was almost unprecedented in the history of the Academy, for it carried with it the instant dismissal of the bridegroom, as the War Department has no use for cadets with wives. The marriage was the nine days' gossip of the post. Some said the sturdy, handsome young Texan married his wife from pique, while others who got a good look at her said she was pretty enough to cause any fellow to leave the army. As for Mr. and Mrs. Butler, they said nothing. The groom got his discharge papers, and settled himself down to domesticity in the home of his father-in-law.

The next chapter in this military romance opens on a bright June day—the day upon which the members of the Class of '94, U. S. M. A. received their commissions as second lieutenants. Cadet Lang, who had become unpopular because of his social misdeed in engaging his fiancée, but the little Dutch non-commissioned officer was the proudest of all the fathers in the garrison. And he had the right to be, for although Mamie Kunkel was only a slip of a girl, she had big blue eyes, a rosy complexion, the grace of a gazelle and dark brown hair.

Naturally, the young boys in gray found it convenient to pass the sergeant's quarters frequently, and they generally saw Mamie and her bosom friend, Kitty Seagel, either at the window or seated on the porch. Many of the cadets longed to stop and talk, but the etiquette of the Point forbade them becoming too friendly with the daughter of a commissary sergeant, so they passed on, regretfully—all save the young Texan. He threw etiquette to the winds, and, braving the censure of his fellow-cadets, made love to the beauty of the post.

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"D—n lucky for him. I'd better get out of here, too. I'll have you all arrested and you'll all get a good, long term. I'm in earnest," and he stamped heavily on the steps.

"Indignant and somewhat frightened," continued Miss Sloan, "I slammed the door in the man's face, and shortly afterward I saw him drive away."

"At 3:30 o'clock this afternoon," resumed Miss Sloan, with some excitement, "I was again sitting in the dining room, when I saw the same cutter, drawn by the same bay mare and driven by the same man, enter the yard. I was angry, and, grasping my revolver, I went to the back door, prepared to resist intrusion on any pretext. The man, who was dressed the same as on Saturday, alighted from the cutter as before. I held the pistol in my right hand, plainly within the vision of my caller. He was very different and courteous. Removing his hat and bowing, he said: 'Little woman, I have come to apologize for my language and actions of last Saturday. I was intoxicated at the time, or I would never have spoken to you as I did. Pray, forgive me.'

"I looked him steadily in the face, for I wanted to remember that countenance. The most noticeable feature is his teeth, which are peculiarly white and even. I also noticed, as he stood uncovered, that his hair was thick and dark and parted in the mid-

affairs, and possibly when he introduced his chum to Mamie Kunkel on that November day of '93, Lang did not know that the sapphire ring which sparkled from the third finger of Mamie's left hand was an emblem of betrothal, and that the donor of the emblem was his classmate from Texas. Whether he knew or not, he fell in love, and, loving, he cared little for the traditions and social laws of even stern old West Point.

In January the commissary's daughter went to her fiancée and asked to be released from her engagement. Presumably there was a scene. It is certain that in two days

door was a meal sack laden with silverware and jewelry worth \$7000. Young Carey said yesterday that he was now convinced that the crouching figure he saw was that of a dummy, because he is confident the cap on the supposed burglar's head was the property of Lieutenant Lang. He concluded by saying that both Mrs. Lang and Miss Sloan are practical jokers, and Miss Sloan denied that she had any part in the affair.

Three days later Lieutenant Lang came on from Fort Warren in response to a telegram from his wife, who had misad a number of small articles. The lieutenant

accused Carey of the theft, and Carey finally produced the articles, but denied that he had stolen them. He was discharged, and then arrested, charged with petty larceny, but Justice of the Peace G. B. Scofield suspended judgment.

Immediately thereafter the Lang household had begun to be subjected to the most extraordinary annoyances and alarms. William Steinberg, aged sixteen, was hired in Carey's place, and his aged father engaged to sleep in the house at night, after the Rev. Mr. Strong had done so